

Because Musicians haue no gold for founding:
Then Musicke with her sluer sound, with speedy helpe
doth lend redresse. *Exit.*

Man. What a pestilent knaue is this same?

M. 2. Hang him lacke, come wee in here, tarric for
the Mourners, and stay dinner. *Exit.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames presage some ioyfull newes at hand:
My bosome L. sits lightly in his throne:
And all this an day an vccustom'd spirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe possesse,
When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

Enter Romeo's man.

Newes from Verona, how now *Balthazar*?
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady *Juliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleepest in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liue,
I saw her laid low in her kindreds Vault,
And presently tooke Poste to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office Sir.

Rom. Is it euen so?
Then I denie you Starres.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire Post-Horses, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beseech you sir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit Man.

Rom. Mo matter: Get thee gone,
And hyre those Horses, Ile be with thee straight.
Well *Juliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets see for meanes: O mischief thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I do remember an Apothecarie,
And here abouts dwells, which late I noted
In tattered weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie shop a Tortoyrs hung,
An Allegator stuf, and other skins
Of ill shap'd fishes, and about his shelves,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and mustie seedes,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is peruent death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needie man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho? Apothecarie?

Enter Apothecarie.

App. Who call's so low'd?
Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie Duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently, as hastic powder fier'd
Doth hurrie from the fatall Canons wombe.

App. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantua* law
Is death to any he, that vtters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and opression starueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggery hangs vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this.

App. My pouerty, but not my will consents.

Rom. I pray thy pouerty, and not thy will.
App. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There's thy Gold,
Worse poyson to mens soules,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Then these poore compounds that thou maiest not sell.
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,
Farewell, buy food, and get thy selfe in flesh.
Come Cordiall, and not poyson, go with me
To *Juliet*'s graue, for there must I vse thee.

Exit.

Enter Frier John to Frier Lawrence.

John. Holy *Franciscan* Frier, Brother, ho?

Enter Frier Lawrence.

Law. This same should be the voice of Frier *John*.
Welcome from *Mantua*, what sayes *Romeo*?
Or if his mind be writ, giue me his Letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foote Brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this Citie visiting the sick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seal'd vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?

John. I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.

Law. Vnhappie Fortune: by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Frier *John* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight
Vnto my Cell.

John. Brother Ile go and bring it thee.

Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Juliet* wake,
Shew will bestrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,

And

And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarse, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe, *Exit.*

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Giue me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloft,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, vnfirm with digging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt heare it: whistle then to me,
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
Giue me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will aduenture.
Pa. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew:
O woe, thy Canopie is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares desild by mones;
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue, and weepe.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,
What curld foot wanders this wayes to night,
To crosse my obsequies, and true loues right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo, and Peter.

Rom. Giue me that Mattocke, & the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,
Where ere thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I must vse,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou icalous dost reuenge to priue
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time, and my intents are savage wilde:
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then empty Tygers, or the roaring Sea.

Pet. I will be gone sir, and not trouble you

Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that,
Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

Pet. For all this same, Ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.

Rom. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And in despite, Ile cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murdered my Loues Cozin; with which griefe,
It is supposed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhalloved toyle, vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
Condemned vaine, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou must die,

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither:
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon those gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee Youth,
Put not an other sin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie. O be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do beseech thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a Felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou prouoke me? Then haue at thee Boy.

Pet. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.

Pa. O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Juliet*.

Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face:

Mercutius kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,

What said my man, when my betossed soule

Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke

He told me *Paris* should haue married *Juliet*.

Said he not so? Or did I dreame it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Juliet*,

To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,

One, writ with me in fower misfortunes booke.

Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.

A Graue; O no, a Lanthorne; slaughtred Youth:

For here lies *Juliet*, and her beautie makes

This Vault a feasting pencefull full of light.

Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd.

How oft when men are at the point of death,

Haue they bene merrie? Which their Keepers call

A lightning before death? Oh how may I

Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,

Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet vpon thy Beautie:

Thou art not conquer'd: Beauties enigne yet

Is Crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,

And Deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.

Tybalts, ly'st thou there in thy bloudy sheet?

O what more sauour can I do to thee,

Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,

To funder his that was thy enemy?

Forgiue me Cozen. Ah deare *Juliet*:

Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleeue,

Shall I beleeue, that vnsubstantiall death is amorous?

And that the leane abhorred Monster keepes

Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?

For feare of that, I still will stay with thee,

And neuer from this Pallace of dym night

Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes,

Heere's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.

O true Apothecarie!

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,

With Wormes that are thy Chambermaides: O here

Will I set vp my euerlasting rest:

And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres

From this world-wearied flesh: Eyes looke your last:

Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you

The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse

A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:

Come bitter conduct, come vnfaoury guide,

Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on

The dashing Rocks, thy Sea-sicke wearie Barke:

Heere's to my Loue. O true Apothecary: